

# Jenny's Bawbee

I met four chaps yon birks amang,  
Wi' hinging lugs and faces lang:  
I spiered at neebour Bauldy Strang,  
Wha's they I see?  
Quo' he, ilk cream-faced pawky chiel,  
Thought he was cunning as the deil,  
And here they cam', awa' to steal  
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a Captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill-lined, but back weel-clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
And papped on his knee:  
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!"  
But deil a beauty he had seen  
But-Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' blatherin gab,  
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
And a' for a fee.  
Accounts he owed through a' the toun,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair  
coud drown,  
But now he thocht to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' bawsand nag and siller whip,  
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
Or tie 't till a tree:  
What's gowd to me?-I've walth o' lan!  
Bestow on ane o' worth your han!"-  
He thocht to pay what he was awn  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Drest up just like the knave o'clubs,  
A thing came neist, (but life has rubs,)

Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
And jaupit a' was he.  
He danced up, squinting through a glass,  
And grinn'd, "I' faith, a bonnie lass!"  
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the Laird gae kame his wig.  
The Sodger no to strut sae big,  
The Lawyer no to be a prig,  
The Fool he cried, "Tehee!  
I kenn'd that I could never fail!"  
But she preen'd the dishclout to his tail,  
And soused him in the water-pail,  
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie cam', a lad o' sense,  
Although he had na mony pence;  
And took young Jenny to the spence,  
Wi' her to crack a wee.  
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel;  
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,  
And she birl'd her bawbee.